THE DAYSPRING.

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."

OLD SERIES. VOL. XXIX. | AUGUST, 1877. | NEW SERIES. VOL. VI. No. 8.

THE LITTLE FISHERMAN.

WILLIE SMITH lives in the city, but is now spending his vacation at the sea-shore. He is so fond of playing on the beach that folks call him the Little Fisherman. See him there dressed in his sailor suit; his pantaloons rolled up to his knees! See how many things he is trying to carry, — the little bucket which he has picked full of shells, his shovel and net, his shoes, tied together and flung across his right arm, a piece of rockweed, one end of which is pressed between the bucket and his breast, and a large piece of kelp which he is holding in his left hand! How will he be able to pick up the pretty star-fish and the many shells that lie at his feet? Perhaps he will drop the kelp, and put some shells into his net.

ANECDOTES FROM THE GERMAN.

SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

THE philosopher, Thales, being asked what was the hardest and what the easiest thing, answered: "The hardest is to know one's self; and the easiest to find fault with others."

BACKBITING.

It was reported to Aristotle that some one had uttered cutting words against him. "Oh, well!" he answered, "he may thrust a cutting sword at me, if I am not there."

HOUSEHOLD ADVISERS.

"How do you contrive, dear neighbor, to have your housekeeping go on so smoothly, when there is nothing peculiar that one can see about you or your ways? The rest of us work hard, and mind our own business, and take as good care as we can; and yet we do not get on." The neighbor answered: "I don't know to what it can be owing, unless to my three valuable household advisers." — "Three household advisers! Who are they?" — "The dog, the cock, and the cat." — "You are jesting." — "I am in downright earnest. For, you see, the dog barks when an enemy approaches slyly, and that means 'Look out!' the cock crows when day breaks, and that means 'Get up!' and the cat washes her face when a valued guest is coming, and that means, 'To rights!'" — "I understand, neighbor, what you mean by this. You mean that three things are needful to help out housekeeping: Precaution against harm, Diligence in all that is useful, and Friendliness towards all well-wishers and benefactors." — "Well, if you choose to take it so, I am content; but still I commend my house-advisers for this, that they admonish me every time what I have to do, else I might easily forget." — *Auerbach.*

FILIAL GRATITUDE.

A prince in his walks saw a peasant working busily and cheerfully in the field, and stopped to talk with him. After a few questions, he learned that the ground was not his own, but that he worked as a hired laborer for fifteen pence a day. The prince, who, to be sure, needed and spent more money than that in the duties of his office, to say nothing of his pleasures, could not conceive how it was possible for the poor man to get along on fifteen pence a day, and be so cheerful withal. But the brave fellow in the blouse replied: "It would not be enough, if I needed it all.

But I have to content myself with one-third of it; with the second third I pay my debts, and the other third I put out at interest." The good prince found this a new riddle. But the cheery peasant went on to say: "I share my earnings with my aged parents, who can no longer work, and with my children, who are just learning to: the former I repay for the love they showed me in my childhood; and from the latter I hope that, when I, too, am old and worn-out, they will not forsake me." Was not that neatly said, and still more nobly thought and done? — *Hebel.*

THE EPHEMERON.

FROM RÜCKERT.

Oh Insect! thou that liv'st and diest in his glance,
The Sun has left the vale. Mount higher in thy dance!

Still on the height he shines. Soar up to drink his light;
Then, in the dewy grass, sink to thy grave to-night.

CONTENT.

Sweeter to me a hut, with mossy roof o'erhead,
A garden by its side, scanty, but rosy-red,
Than palace walks, inlaid with gold and silver rare,
And great possessions, all fenced round with fear and care.

NATURE AND MAN.

Thou canst not walk the fields, but thou wilt hear the story,
From some fair flowret's lips, of its Creator's glory.

Thou canst not walk the streets, but thou some face shalt see,
That gives the lie to what thy soul says man should be.

Then, stay among the flowers, and shun the throng of men;
Else mightst thou with less faith in flowers go back again.

Yet dost thou learn to love, when among flowers thou art,
E'en man, unlovely man, for Heaven's sake, with pure heart!

C. T. B.

THE FIRST SUNDAY-SCHOOLS IN AMERICA.

In 1810, a Sunday-school was commenced in Beverly, Mass., by two young ladies, Joanna Prince, and Hannah Hill. They collected a number of children voluntarily and without remuneration, for the purpose of giving them instruction on the Sabbath-day. They continued this school without aid for many years, but at length it was merged in the Sunday-school connected with Rev. Dr. Abbot's Society, when that was established at a much later period.

In 1812, the first Sunday-school was established in Boston. The idea was suggested by the school in Beverly; instituted, as we have seen, in 1810. The teacher of a week-day charity school, supported by the ladies of the West Parish, — Rev. Dr. Lowell's, — having learnt, on a visit to Beverly, the plan of the Sunday-school there, proposed, in addition to her week-day instructions, to adopt a similar course for her school on the Sabbath-day. The plan was approved by her pastor and patrons, and immediately carried into effect. This course was steadily pursued, until the year 1822, when the Parish Sunday-school having been established, her pupils from that time became members of that for religious instruction.

In 1812, we have authority for saying, a Sunday school was commenced at Brunswick, Me.; and in 1813, another by a gentleman at Albany, both of which were successfully continued for some time.

In 1814, two benevolent ladies of New York, opened in that city a school of this kind for adults and children, in which were collected eighty or ninety pupils. In the autumn of the same year, a school was established at Wilmington, in the State of

Delaware, and another at Cambridgeport, Mass., in connection with Rev. Thomas B. Gannett's Society.

In 1815, the Salem Street, or Christ Church Sunday-school, in Boston, was instituted. For some length of time this school had the reputation of being the first established in this country solely for religious instruction; but the one at Beverly, and that of the West Parish in Boston must take precedence of it in point of time. It must be admitted, however, that the Salem Street School was the first to enjoy any public or extended notoriety, and no sooner had the knowledge of it become general, than, though designed only for the parish, children flocked to it from all parts of the city, to avail themselves of its peculiar privileges. In six months from its commencement, the pupils numbered two hundred and fifty.

In the summer of the same year, 1816, the Third Baptist Sunday-school, connected with Rev. Dr. Sharp's Society in Boston, was opened by the ladies of that parish. This was among the very earliest commenced in this city, and, soon after, more schools of the same kind were organized, in connection with other churches of that denomination.

After a careful and full survey of the subject, we arrive at the conclusion that the first Sunday-school established in this country solely for moral and religious instruction, was the school at Beverly, Mass., connected with Rev. Abiel Abbot's parish, and instituted in 1810. The second was that of Rev. Dr. Lowell's parish, opened in 1812. These both were societies or parishes of Liberal Christians. Another Sunday-school in the same denomination was established at Cambridgeport, in 1814; and another at Wilton, N. H., as early as 1816. In June, 1818, a Sunday-school was commenced, at the suggestion of Rev. Dr. Parker, at Portsmouth, N. H., on the most liberal principles, and destined to exert a wider and salutary influence by the much lamented N. A. Haven, Esq., whose name and praise are in all our Sunday-schools.

The books used in this school, as selected and arranged by Mr. Haven, were Hymns for Infant Minds; Prayers Committed to Memory; Watt's Shorter Catechism and the Commandments; Watt's Historical Catechism; Cuming's Scripture Questions; Lessons from Scripture; and for the eldest class, Porteus' Evidences; Paley's Natural Theology; Watt's Improvement of the Mind; and Mason on Self-Knowledge. — *Pray's History of Sunday-schools.*

A MITE SONG.

ONLY a drop in the bucket,
But every drop will tell:
The bucket would soon be empty,
Without the drops in the well.

Only a poor little penny;
It was all I had to give:
But, as pennies make the dollars,
It may help some cause to live.

A few little bits of ribbon,
And some toys, — they were not new;
But they made the sick child happy,
Which has made me happy too.

Only some out-grown garments;
They were *all* I had to spare:
But they'll help to clothe the needy,
And the poor are everywhere.

A word now and then of comfort,
That cost me nothing to say;
But the poor old man died happy,
And it helped him on the way.

God loveth the cheerful giver,
Though the gift be poor and small;
What doth He think of his children
Who never give at all?

Selected.

For The Dayspring.

PUSS AND THE BIRDS.

THERE'S a bird crying down in the orchard,
And one crying on the elm-tree;
There's no one in sight but Miss Pussy,
And she looks demure as can be.

I wonder of what she is thinking,
I wonder, too, where she has been;
And why she is lapping so slyly
Her little gray whiskers and chin.

Ah! cats are so artful and cunning, —
Yes, artful in more ways than one, —
You never would guess, while they're purring,
Of half of the mischief they've done.

Now, Puss, have you been in the orchard,
And, if so, pray, what did you do?
There's trouble down there with two robins:
The mischief, *I think*, lies with you.

You ate just one fat baby robin,
That happened to lean from the nest!
For shame, what a treacherous Pussy!
Stop purring, and tell me the rest.

You say you climbed up on the elm-tree,
And counted the little birds o'er;
There were five in the nest, — but so crowded,
There really was room for but four.

And so you've committed a murder
In pity for those that were left;
And lunched off a dear baby robin,
To make some more room for the rest.

There's truth, I will own, in your logic:
But that does not make it quite right.
So now I shall give you no dinner,
Or milk for your supper to-night.

There are plenty of mice for catching,
If hunger is any excuse;
But you shall not destroy the young robins, —
'Tis cruel and wanton abuse.

AUNT CLARA.

NORTH ANDOVER, Mass.

FIVE PEACHES.

A PEASANT, returning from the city, brought with him five peaches, the most beautiful ones he could find. It was the first time his children had ever seen this fruit: therefore they admired them, and were delighted with their red cheeks and delicate down. The father then divided them amongst his four children, reserving one for their mother.

At evening, before the father went into their sleeping-room, he asked them, "Well, how have the peaches tasted?"

"Deliciously, dear father," said the eldest. "They are fine fruit, so juicy and sweet! I have carefully kept the stone; and I will plant it, and rear a tree."

"Good," replied the father; "that is acting prudently, and caring for the future, as becomes a farmer."

"I ate mine up at once, and threw away the stone," said the youngest; "and mother gave me half of hers."

"Well," said the father, "you have not acted very wisely, but still naturally, and like a child. Wisdom will come by and by."

The second son then said, "I picked up the stone which little brother threw away, and cracked it. There was a kernal in it, just like a nut. But I sold my peach, and received for it money enough to buy twelve when I go to the city."

The father shook his head, and said, "It was wisely done, indeed; but it was not natural or child-like. I think you are designed to be a merchant."

"And you, Edmund?" asked the father.

Edmund answered frankly and carelessly, "I carried my peach to our neighbor's son, the sick George, who is ill of fever. He refused to take it. Then I laid it upon his bed, and came home."

"Well," said the father, "and who has made the best use of his peach?"

Then all three cried out, "Brother Edmund!"

But Edmund was silent, and his mother embraced him with tears in her eyes. — *Children's Friend.*

HUMOROUS.

THE color of the wind was discovered by the man who went out, and found it blew.

"What is the name of your cat, sir?" inquired a visitor. — "His name was William," said the host, "until he had fits, and since then we have called him Fitz William!"

A thick-headed squire, being worsted by Sydney Smith in an argument, took his revenge by exclaiming, "If I had a son who was an idiot, I would make him a parson." — "Very likely," replied Sydney; "but I see your father was of a different opinion."

The children of a clergyman's family in Aberdeen were making themselves happy propounding conundrums. Finally, one of them said, "Who was the meekest woman?" The clergyman seemed struck with a fresh thought, and replied, quickly, "We don't read of any." But madam made herself even with him when she rejoined, with quite as much quickness, "Well, we read of only one such man; and, from the fuss that's made about him, it's plain they're scarce."

The other day a Burlington boy started to carry home a yellow-jacket's nest to tie to the dog's tail, to have some fun. He didn't get the nest all the way home, as it became so heavy he couldn't carry it; but he succeeded in coaxing most of the yellow-jackets to accompany him the whole distance, and they supplied him with so much amusement that he hasn't once thought of fun or the dog since, and doesn't think he ever will.

A wealthy and eccentric resident of Monroe has built him a church at the village of Ida to illustrate his idea of what a model Christian church should be. Back of the pulpit, he has placed a large wooden slab, grained in imitation of marble, and bearing this remarkable inscription: "No man will be allowed to preach in this church who preaches from manuscript, who does not kneel while praying, who belongs to any secret society, or who has his life insured in any way." This rule is said to be rigidly enforced; and the consequence is that the building, otherwise commodious, rarely has any tenants, and is more conducive to ridicule than devotion. The moral of it all seems to be, that one man doesn't make a church, any more than one swallow does a summer.

In Scotland they have narrow, open ditches, which they call sheep-drains. A man was riding a donkey across a sheep-pasture; but, when the animal came to the sheep-drain, he would not go over it. So the man rode him back a short distance, turned him round, and applied the whip; thinking, of course, that the donkey, when going at the top of his speed, would jump the drain before he knew it. But not so. When the donkey got to the drain, he stopped all of a sudden, and the man went over Mr. Neddy's head. No sooner had he touched the ground than he got up, and, looking the beast in the face, said, "Verra weel pitched; but, then, hoo are ye gaun tae get ower yersel'?"

TAKING OFF THE SHOES.

IN Syria the people never take off their caps or turbans when entering a house or visiting a friend; but they always leave their shoes at the door. The reason is, that their floors are covered with clean mats and rugs; and in the Moslem houses the men kneel on the rugs to pray, and press their foreheads to the floor; so that it would not be decent or respectful to walk in with dirty shoes and soil the *sijjady* on which they kneel to pray. They have no foot-mat or scraper; and it is much cheaper and simpler to leave the shoes, dirt and all, at the door.

It is very curious to go to the Syrian school-houses, and see the piles of shoes at the door. There are new bright-red shoes, and old, tattered shoes, and kob-kobs, and black shoes, and sometimes yellow shoes. The kob-kobs are wooden clogs made to raise the feet out of the mud and water, having a little strap over the toe to keep them on the feet. You will often see little boys and girls running down steps and paved streets on these dangerous kob-kobs. Sometimes they slip, and then down they go on their noses, and the kob-kobs fly off and go rattling over the stones; and little Ali or Yusef, or whatever his name is, begins to shout, "Ya imme! ya imme!" ("O, my mother!") and cries just like little children in other countries.

But the funniest part is to see the boys, when they come out of school, trying to find their shoes. There will be fifty boys, and, of course, a hundred shoes all mixed together in one pile! When school is out, the boys make a rush for the door. Then comes the tug of war. A dozen boys are standing and shuffling on the pile of shoes, looking down, kicking away the other shoes, running their toes into their own, stumbling over the kob-kobs, and then making a dash to get out of the crowd. Sometimes shins will be kicked, and hair pulled, and tarbooshes thrown off, and a great screaming follows, which will only cease when the teacher comes with "asa," or a stick, and quells the riot. That pile of shoes will have to answer for a good many schoolboy fights, and bruised noses, and hard feelings in Syria. You will wonder how they can tell their own shoes: so do I. The boys often bear off each other's shoes, by mistake or on purpose, and then you will see Selim running with one shoe on and one of Ibrahim's in his hand, shouting and roaring until he gets back his lost property. — *Selected.*

THE FAITHFUL DOG.

A SHEPHERD had driven part of his flock to a neighboring fair, leaving his dog to watch the remainder during that day and the next night. But, while he was at the fair, the shepherd forgot all about the dog and the sheep, and did not return till the third day. When he came home, his first inquiry was whether his dog had been visited. "No," was the answer. — "Then he must be dead," said the man, sadly; "for I know he was too faithful to desert his charge." He set off at once to the heath where the sheep were; and there he saw his poor dog with just strength enough to crawl to his master's feet, and express his joy at seeing him again. Almost immediately after, he expired.

We hope the faithful dog taught the careless shepherd a useful lesson.

'TIS well in deeds of good, though small, to thrive;
'Tis well some part of ill, though small, to cure;
'Tis well with onward, upward hope to strive;
Yet better and diviner to endure.

HAPPY EVERY DAY.

SYDNEY SMITH cut the following from a newspaper, and preserved it for himself: "When you rise in the morning, form the resolution to make the day a happy one to some fellow-creature. It is easily done: a left-off garment to the man who needs it, a kind word to the sorrowful, an encouraging expression to the striving, — trifles in themselves light as air, — will do it at least for twenty-four hours. And, if you are young, depend upon it, it will tell when you are old; and, if you are old, rest assured it will send you gently and happily down the stream of time to eternity. If you send one person, only one, happily through each day, that is three hundred and sixty-five in the course of the year. If you live only forty years after you commence that course of medicine, you have made fourteen thousand six hundred beings happy, at all events, for a time."

LITTLE THINGS.

LITTLE things and little people have very often brought great things to pass. The large world in which we exist is made up of little particles, smaller than the sands of the seashore. The vast sea is composed of little drops of water. The little busy bees — how much honey they gather! Do not be discouraged because you are little. A little star shines brightly in the sky in the dark night, and may be the means of saving many a poor sailor from shipwreck; and a little Christian may do a great deal of good, if he or she will try. There is nothing like trying. Let all our little readers try and see how much good they can do; and, if they live to be old, they will never regret it.

DRIVING HOME THE COWS.

"OUT of the clover and blue-eyed grass
He turned them into the river-lane:
One after another he let them pass,
Then fastened the meadow-gate again.

"Brindle, Ebony, Speckle, and Bess,
Shaking their horns in the evening wind,
Cropping the buttercups out of the grass,
And the driver following close behind."

The Well-Spring.

GOOD FOR EVIL.

"MAMMA," said my little Charley, "now that I have a new sled, what shall I do with the old one?" His face wore a puzzled look for a little while, when a thought struck him. "Mamma, there's a chance to do something, real good too. What's the use talking so much about a thing, and never doing it?"

"What, Charley?"

"Well, mamma, if there's any boy in the world I hate, that boy's Sim Tyson. He's always plaguing and teasing me, and all the other little boys; either taking our things from us, or pretending that he's going to. It never does any good to get cross; for that's just what he likes: but, better even than this, Sim does like a sled. And — well, maybe it's foolish; but I've half a notion to give the old sled to him. It might make him think, and so do him good. Mightn't it, mamma?"

"Yes, it might," said the mother.

So Sim got Charley's sled, which pleased and touched him beyond every thing; and they do say he is kinder, not only to the little boys, but to everybody, than he was before. — *Home Guardian.*

IN matters of conscience, first thoughts are best. In matters of prudence, last thoughts are best.

For The Dayspring.

TALLIE'S BIRTHDAY.

A Story of Real Life.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART III. — *Supper.*

AS stated in chapter second, it was evening when Mr. Ambleton's work was over, and he and Tallie took the eight-twenty car, — that is, the horse-car which left Meadow's Angle at twenty minutes past eight. There were only a few passengers. Tallie and his father were entirely alone for the first half-mile; but then two or three men stepped aboard. One of these sat near Mr. Ambleton. He spoke English with a peculiar accent. Tallie asked his father about it; but his father warned him that he should always be careful not to talk of the peculiarities of people in their hearing, for fear of hurting their feelings.

Nothing is more painful for a blind boy than to hear his blindness talked about; or for a girl with red hair to hear its color alluded to in derision; or for a short woman to know that her companions are talking about her stature; or for tall or stout men to be aware that their height or size is ridiculed. These peculiarities cannot be avoided. Those who possess them have not so made themselves, and would gladly change their singularities if they could. "Who," asked Jesus, "by taking thought, can add one cubit to his stature?" It is therefore unkind, and often cruel, to make any allusion to the personal appearance of people in their presence. This simple rule of courtesy is very commonly disregarded. In the streets, you will continually hear jokes made about the passers-by, causing a laugh to pass round at their expense, which makes the objects of the mirth very uncomfortable. In barbarous times, if a boy was a hunchback, *Hunchy* became not only his nickname, but his real name. If he had a game leg, perhaps he was called *Gamey*. Civilized people ought to know better, but they often err in this way. A clergyman of learning and eloquence one day met in the street a little girl of his parish, who, though very bright and good, had the misfortune to be lame. What do you suppose he said to her? He said: "Hallo! what's the matter with you? You walk as if you had the spring-halt!" His thoughtless remark grieved the little girl so that she did not forget it, and could never look upon that pastor as a kind friend.

So Mr. Ambleton whispered Tallie that he must not even look at the stranger in such a way as to make him think that his peculiarities were noticeable. He added: "Suppose you were in Germany, and trying to talk German. You would make very queer work of it; but you would not wish to be made fun of on account of your mistakes, or feel that strangers were making you the subject of comment."

Tallie whispered back, "Is that man a German?" and his father replied that he supposed so.

The car, stopping so seldom, bowled rapidly along till it reached Washington Village; and there it stopped in front of a brilliantly lighted drug store. It took longer than usual for the passenger to get in; and who do you suppose the passenger was, with his brass buttons and badge and short club? A policeman! What do you suppose he carried under his arm? A bundle? No: but he carried him *like* a bundle. A dog? No, nor a cat. How Tallie stared when he saw that the policeman had under his arm a little boy! He

was almost a baby. Perhaps he was eighteen months old. The policeman carried him awkwardly, as if he was not used to it, and had no children of his own at home; but he was kind to the little fellow, and placed him carefully on the seat, where he sat very still, looking straight before him stupidly, as if he were almost asleep, — yet he was not asleep, but sat bolt upright, and never cried or whined or said a word.

The German gentleman was interested, and so was Tallie; and the boy was very glad when the foreigner began to ask, in his broken English, some questions about the little stranger.

"Is dat your poy?"

"No," replied the officer, as if he were much afraid somebody would imagine it was really his child.

"Exguse me," said the German; "but I haf some poys and girls at mine house, and that is such a breddy leetle shap!"

He was a pretty little fellow, as he sat there, opposite Tallie, gazing vacantly at the people about him.

Presently the policeman continued: "I don't know who the boy is."

"Where did you find him?" asked Mr. Ambleton.

"In the apothecary's store at the Village."

"How came he there?"

"A woman, perhaps his mother, left him there two hours ago, just about dark. The clerk supposed she was coming back for him. Indeed, he didn't notice when she went out. She came in and bought something, setting the child on the floor by the counter. The clerk did not notice for some time that she had not taken the baby away with her; but he fidgeted a little, and then the clerk noticed him, and took him up, and put him into a big arm-chair, which was more comfortable. When the clerk found that the woman did not come back for her child, and the little chap was very sleepy, he made him still more comfortable by laying him on his own bed in the back office."

Mr. Ambleton explained to Tallie that in most drug stores there is a bed, and a clerk sleeps there overnight. This is in case somebody should be sick in the night, and send to buy some medicine.

The policeman went on to say that it was about nine o'clock, and time for the store to close. So the clerk had called in the policeman, and put the baby in his charge, — and here he was.

"What will you do with him?"

"Take him to the station-house."

"Just as if he were a drunkard or a pickpocket?"

The policeman laughed and said, "That is all *I* can do with him."

"Will he stay at the police office?" Tallie asked his papa.

Mr. Ambleton told him to ask the officer himself. So Tallie repeated his question.

"No," said the policeman; "he will not stay there."

"Where will he go?"

"I don't know. The captain will probably send me, or some other officer, with him to Chardon Street, or to some asylum for children. There he will be taken care of."

"Won't they find his mother?"

"If the woman was his mother, she evidently did not mean that he should be returned to her again. She intended to lose him."

"Perhaps she was too poor to take care of him?"

"Very likely. There are lots of poor people now-a-days."

"The boy is dressed neatly, and his face and hands are clean."

"Yes; and that speaks well for his mother," said the officer.

"But you will try to find her?"

"It won't be my business. The captain will attend to that, or the chief."

"How?"

"Well, they'll telegraph to all the police-stations a description of the child; so that, if that woman was not his mother, and the boy had been lost or stolen, and anybody inquired for him at one of our offices, the inquirer could be put on the right track. If nobody comes, — and I guess nobody will, — the police will get a description of the woman, and try to find something about her in Washington Village."

"If nothing can be found out, what will become of the child?"

"Oh! I don't know, exactly."

Before they had finished talking it over, the car reached its terminus, which in those days was at the foot of Summer Street. The policeman took the baby again under his arm, and walked off. Tallie watched him as long as possible, and then walked towards Washington Street with his papa; still, however, asking questions about it. Mr. Ambleton said that the lost child looked as if the woman had given him a dose of laudanum to keep him quiet as long as possible after she left him. He told Tallie that he had seen a mother take her worrisome child upon her knee, and give him great doses of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," till the boy nodded himself asleep, while the syrup ran down his throat.

"Is it poison, papa?"

"Yes."

"Why do people use it?"

"Well, the syrup is good sometimes to quiet children when they cannot sleep and are in pain. All poisons are good for something."

"Would Mrs. Winslow's syrup kill anybody?"

"Perhaps not even a whole bottle full; but it might seriously injure a little child, and it certainly would if given every day to make a child go to sleep."

Then Mr. Ambleton told Tallie about the "Pine Street Home," and Auntie Gwin, who loves children there; and about the "Children's Mission," on Tremont Street; and about the "Home for Little Wanderers," at the North End; and other places where deserted children may find shelter, sometimes better than the home a child has lost, where is a drunken mother or a shiftless father or great poverty.

"Do you suppose this baby had a bad father and mother?" asked Tallie.

"I'm sure I don't know. But are you not fortunate in having a home where you have never known any thing but kindness?"

Tallie thought he was very fortunate. He was sure he should not know what to do if he were left alone in the world, and had to be taken care of by the police, and sent to an asylum.

"Do you know you have had no supper, little boy?"

"I was hungry awhile ago; but I had forgotten all about it."

"Can't you eat supper now?"

"Yes, indeed."

It was between half-past nine and ten, and the eating-house where they often ate their dinner was closed; but they could see a light inside, and the keeper standing behind the counter adding up his accounts. So they knocked, and he came and opened the door and let them in. The fire was out, he said, and the cook gone home; but he could let them have some cold meat, and crackers and milk, and bread and butter; and they ate there alone in

the restaurant, and talked with the owner. Several people, seeing the light, tried the latch of the door and shook it; but the owner did not let them in. When they were done, Mr. Ambleton paid the bill, and he and Tallie went home — passing by Hotel Pelham and the Public Library and the corner of the Common — to Mrs. Pheasant's hospitable house.

She was sewing in the dining-room, and they sat there a few minutes, but only for a few minutes; for Tallie was very tired.

When at last Tallie was safe in bed, his father gave him eight kisses for his eighth birthday, and asked him if it had been pleasantly passed.

"Yes," said Tallie; "only I should like to see Mamma and Sallie and Braxley."

"So you will, in a few days," replied his father. Then he heard Tallie say his "Now I lay me down to sleep," and his prayer for his friends, and then said to him: "You have made me very happy to-day. You have done nothing wrong. You have not given me any needless trouble. You have done every thing I told you to do, like a dear, good, little son, as you always are."

Soon after that Tallie was sound asleep.

CHANGE OF OPINION. — He that never changed any of his opinions, never corrected any of his mistakes; and he who was never wise enough to find out any mistakes in himself, will not be charitable enough to excuse what he reckons mistakes in others.

SAVING TO GIVE. — Frugality is good, if liberality be joined with it. The first is leaving off superfluous expenses; the last is bestowing them to the benefit of others that need. The first without the last begets covetousness; the last without the first begets prodigality.

PERSEVERANCE.

A SWALLOW in the spring
Come to our granary, and beneath the eaves
Essayed to make a nest, and there did bring
Wet earth, and straw and leaves.
Day after day she toiled
With patient art; but, ere her work was crowned,
Some sad mishap the tiny fabric spoiled,
And dashed it to the ground.
She found the ruin wrought;
But, not cast down, forth from the place she flew,
And with her mate fresh earth and grasses brought,
And built her nest anew.
But scarcely had she placed
The last soft feather on its ample floor,
When wicked hands, on chance, again laid waste,
And wrought the ruin o'er.
But still her heart she kept,
And toiled again; and last night, hearing calls,
I looked, — and, lo! three little swallows slept
Within the earth-made walls.
What truth is here, O man!
Hath hope been smitten in its early dawn?
Have clouds o'ercast thy purpose, truth, or plan?
Have faith, and struggle on!

Scattered Seeds.

THE ONLY DAUGHTER.

"I SHOULD think you would have to help your mother this morning," said Jessie Lewis, as she met Frankie Gould on the way to school.

"Why?" asked Frankie.

"Oh, you have your company this afternoon; and my ma always lets me help her."

"Oh, well! I'm the only daughter, you know; and my mother — she hardly ever asks any thing of me," replied Frank, walking off.

Jessie looked after her with a good deal of envy. "I wish I was an only daughter," she thought.

That afternoon, Jessie ran home from school to get ready "quick as could be" to go to the tea-party; but mother was not

quite ready to help her. As Jessie stood waiting for baby sister to go off to sleep, she remembered what Frankie had said.

"Mamma, it must be very nice to be the only daughter."

"Why?" asked Mrs. Lewis, as she put baby in the cradle, and called Jessie to get her ready.

"Oh! you could wait on me then all the time, just as Mrs. Gould does on Frankie, you know."

"And then I should not have but one little girl to wait on me, either; and how thoughtful she would have to be, to be sure that I did not get too tired, nor have to do my own errands; and then, don't you think it would be rather lonely to have no sisters to play with, or baby to put up her hands for you?"

That was a new thought to Jessie, and she concluded she could not spare the dear sisters out of her home yet. When she went to Mrs. Gould's, she thought Frankie's mamma looked very tired. But Frankie kept calling on her for something, and never seemed to think there was any thing for her to do; until Jessie concluded that being "the only girl" might make one very selfish and disagreeable, if not careful.— *The Well-Spring.*

MOTHER'S LOVE.

ONE day on the street I met a lady. Just before reaching me, her whole face lighted up with a bright smile. Joy and love were visible upon every feature. She was a stranger to me, and I could see that she was looking beyond me. I wondered what brought the happy expression to her countenance so suddenly. In an instant I heard a voice behind me, saying, —

"Oh, there's my own dear, dear mamma! I knew I'd meet her. O mamma! I'm so glad you have come!"

Turning, I saw a beautiful little girl, with sparkling eyes, flowing curls, and outstretched arms, running rapidly to meet her mother. The mother saw her child first as it turned at the corner, and her face instantly lighted up with love. As the child called, impulsively the mother opened her arms, and in a moment more received her little birdling safe within their shelter.

If a mother's heart is so filled with joy at the trust, love, and faith of her child, and its eager desire to be in her presence, oh, how our good Father in Heaven must rejoice when we, his children, turn to him in faith and trust, making manifest that we love him, and desire to be ever in his presence! Ay, truly he is ever waiting with outstretched arms to receive us tenderly into the fold. — *Children's Friend.*

BOOK NOTICES.

HYMN AND TUNE BOOK FOR THE CHURCH AND THE HOME; and Services for Congregational Worship. Revised edition. Boston: American Unitarian Association. 1877.

So many changes have been made in this "Revised edition" that the title might well have been changed, were it not for the perfect appropriateness of the old one. The work has been entirely rearranged. The hymns are in larger type, and the appearance of the pages much improved. The hymns and tunes which it was thought could best be spared have been omitted; while a very valuable addition has been made, "gathered from the ample resources supplied within the last ten years by composers and compilers of all denominations, in Europe and America." While we miss some that we would rather not, and find some that we do not care to find, we regard

the "Revised edition" a great improvement on those that have preceded it, and far better than any collection with which we are acquainted. To our mind, the most valuable work has been done in the revision of the "Services." These have undergone as great a change as a ship which retains her old name, but none of her old material except the keel. We can conceive of no poorer service-book than the old one, published by the American Unitarian Association, and of no better one than the "Revised edition." It affords variety while avoiding confusion. It contains as much as is needed, yet not much to which any liberal Christian can reasonably object. The services have been compiled with great care and almost faultless taste, and each can be used entire or in part, as may be preferred. We wish that they might come to be used in all Unitarian churches, and form a bond of union among them, as the Book of Common Prayer does among Episcopalians.

WAS BRONSON ALCOTT'S SCHOOL A TYPE OF GOD'S MORAL GOVERNMENT? A review of Joseph Cook's theory of the Atonement. By WASHINGTON GLADDEN. Boston: Lockwood, Brooks, & Co. 1877.

IT was a rule of Mr. Alcott's school, that a disobedient pupil must whip the master instead of being whipped by him. Mr. Cook maintains that this is a good illustration of God's moral government, in that he lays chastisement upon Christ instead of the sinner. This position is examined and refuted in a masterly way by Mr. Gladden, who, although he is a pastor of a Trinitarian Congregational Church, seems to be in harmony with Unitarians on some important points of doctrine.

He says, Christ "does not change God's feeling toward us, because God has always loved us." "He does not suffer the penalty of our sins in our stead. That would be unjust and immoral, if it were possible; and our study of the nature of law and penalty has showed that it is impossible." "The penalty of sin is spiritual death, moral corruption, and ruin. Nothing can be substituted for this penalty." "This, then, is the substance of the work that Jesus Christ comes into the world to do. To conquer the enmity and suspicion of men by his own great sacrifice; to make them believe that God loves them; then, having won their confidence, to repair, by communication of his own life-giving spirit, the ruin that sin has wrought in their natures; to restore their souls, that are sinking in spiritual death, to life and health and peace, — this is what Christ does for men. He reconciles us by his death: he saves us by his life."

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS ON THE FIRST EPISTLE TO THE CORINTHIANS. Boston: Unitarian Sunday-School Society, 7 Tremont Place. 1877. 76 pp. $1.75 per dozen.

THIS book consists of six numbers of the "Sunday-School Lessons," bound together to render them more attractive and convenient. The subject treated must be studied in order to understand it well; but few subjects will better repay study. We especially commend the book to teachers and scholars who are willing to spend two or three hours in preparing for each recitation. Such will gain from the twenty-six lessons which the book contains a great deal that is worth knowing about primitive Christianity, and a great deal that will aid their religious growth.

THE UNITARIAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL SOCIETY will begin, on the 20th of August, the publication of a new series of "Sunday-School Lessons." It will consist of ten numbers, or forty-three lessons, and be published for each month from September to June, inclusive. The Lessons will be devoted, for the most part, to prominent Hebrew lives, from Abraham to Ezra, as set forth in the Old Testament. The subject is one that has great attractions, and it is confidently expected that these Lessons will be a decided improvement on any yet issued by the society.

APPLICATIONS are frequently made at this office by needy and deserving Sunday Schools for a gift of books. In most cases, only old ones are asked for, although, of course, new ones would be gratefully accepted. Those who have suitable books to spare can send them to the Unitarian Sunday-School Society, feeling sure that they will do good.

Puzzles.

BEHEADED PUZZLE.

Behold where waves the verdant ——!
More lovely for the recent ——.
I wish that it had been my ——;
But then, what could I put it ——?

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. A possessive pronoun.
2. A goddess.
3. A treasure-city mentioned in Exodus.
4. A man's name.
5. A fairy queen.
6. A river in Europe.
7. A constellation.
8. What most people wish for.
9. Relief from pain.
10. A famous French writer.
11. To cut.

The initials give the name of a famous sculptor; the finals a famous painter.

GRAMMATICAL PUZZLE.

I am composed of thirteen letters.
My 5, 2, 3, 6 is a noun;
My 8, 13 is a pronoun;
My 11, 9, 3 is a verb;
My 4, 6, 12, 10 is an adjective;
My 3, 6, 12, 10, 1, 7 is an adverb;
My 2, 3 is a preposition;
My 12, 3, 4 is a conjunction.
My whole is the name of a noted grammarian.

ANSWER TO GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLES.

1. Guinea. 2. James. 3. Don. 4. Cod. 5. Virginia. 6. Washington.

ANSWER TO DECAPITATIONS.

Grouse, rouse, ouse, use, us.
Broil, roil, oil, I.

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

P iazz A
E thio P
A ntwer P
C al L
H id E. — Peach, Apple.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA.

Panorama.

THE DAYSPRING,
PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE
Unitarian Sunday-School Society,
(George F. Piper, Secretary)
7 TREMONT PLACE . . . . . BOSTON.

TERMS. — Per annum, for a single copy . 30 cents.
Four copies to one address . $1.00.
Postage, 2½ cents additional for each copy, per year.
Payment invariably in advance.

Press of John Wilson & Son : Cambridge.